



**I AVE MERCURIA!**

2018.103

# MERCURY & RISING

Don't Kill the Messenger!

August 94 Number Ten

## The Womens' Issue

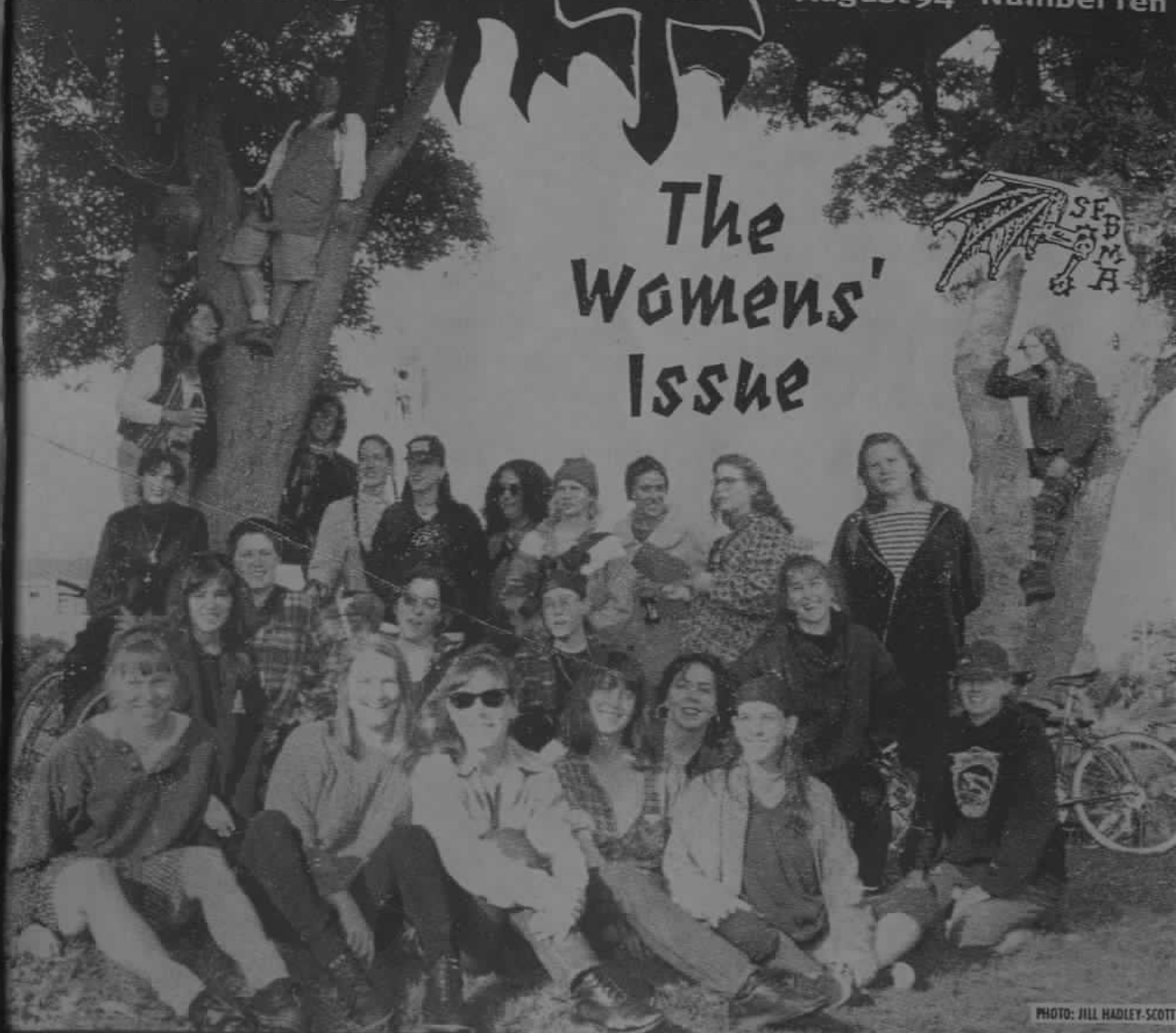


PHOTO: JILL HADLEY-SCOTT

- ~ Cartoons ~ Bands ~ Zines ~ 2nd Bike Messenger Bash in London ~ Bike Theft Report ~
- ~ Satan's Slingshot Soapbox Disaster ~ Ratius Roadius ~ Reports From Afghanistan, Colombia and Chiapas ~
- ~ MR Plagiarized by Famous Novelist! ~ Columns ~ Street Friction & Whatever...

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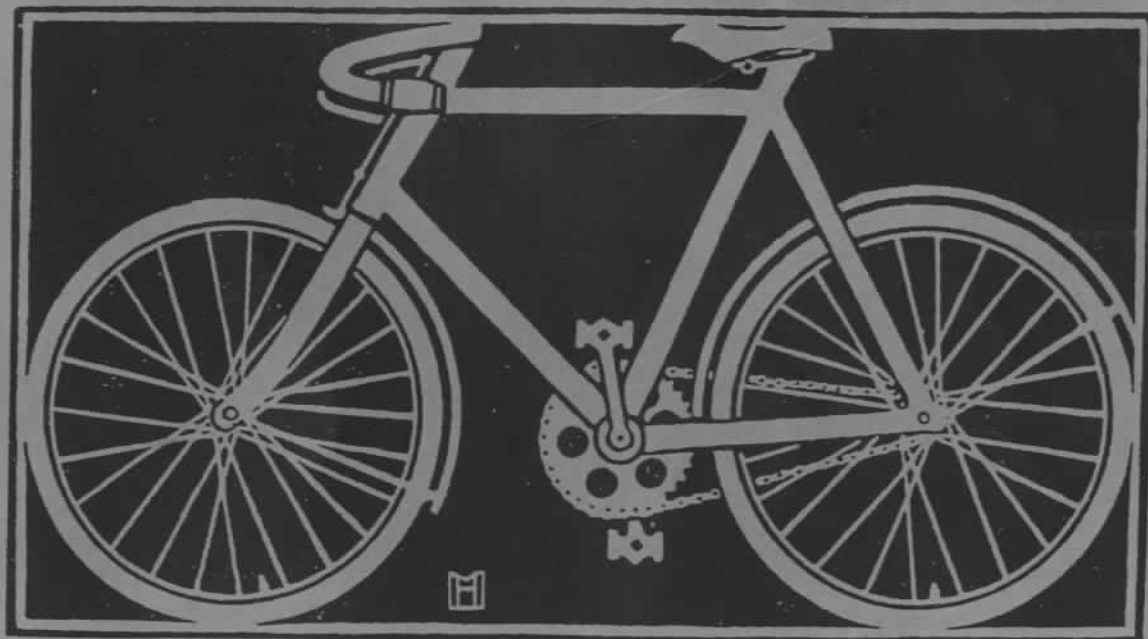
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Mercury Rising/564 Mission Street/San Francisco CA, 94115



for Adam from Mark



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it's - ©1994.  
**Issue TEN!**  
Mercury Rising  
is published  
occasionally by  
various people.  
I've just finished  
my Tenth cup of  
coffee. I'm Scared





## Mail Run

### FELLOW BIKE MESSENGERS,

I am a bike messenger (since April '91) and a Wobbly. I first read about you in Processed World.

I don't know your subscription rates—if you have subscription rates, or if you're still publishing—so please send me five bucks worth of back issues.

And be careful out there.

Peace,

Micheal Stanek\ Chicago Illinois

### MERCURY RISING,

Hello, I've read great reviews in Factsheet Five and I think maybe something in Mudflap, which pretty much says "Get It".

So... enclosed is a buck and my address.

Justin Lerohl\Minneapolis Minnesota

### MERCURY RISING,

Greetings from Milwaukee, mighty northern city of beer & sleep! Enclosed my shitworthy publication, BIKER PRIDE! Wanna trade?

Peace, love & happiness

Sam Tracy\Milwaukee Wisconsin

### YO MARKUS,

Hope your tour was cool. Ya'll totally rocked. Anyway, the reason I'm writing is that I'm putting together a book of bike messenger stories from around the world. I'm covering N. America, and my partner Uli is covering Europe. She's a courier I met in Frankfurt in CM C. She's also a book designer by education. Our plan is to assemble 100 stories and print in English, Spanish, German, and French. Uli is approaching some publishing houses over there for funding. I think we're going to put together a prototype to shop around. So this is where you come in. I need help getting these stories. If you or anyone you know would like to tell their story, have them call or write me. Or better yet, they can tell their story on audio tape & send it to me. We also need photographs. There will be some sort of compensation for works



if we can get it published.

thanks

Steve Danyo/Flash Courier Service  
426 Sinclair Ave, Atlanta GA 30307  
404 873 5219

### DEAR MARKUS,

I've been trying to get in touch with a messenger Steve Matthiason. I heard via e-mail from his housemate that he wanted me to acknowledge his Mercury

Rising story as a source in the paperback of Virtual Light. I've already arranged for that to happen, but I can't seem to raise him via his friends e-mail address. I don't have e-mail myself, so it's been third and fourth party and maybe he hasn't gotten my messages.

Do you know him? Know anyone who does? if so, could you pass on my fax number and tell him I'm trying to get in touch?

Thanks

W. M. Gibson

*They got in touch: Gibson groveled and gave Steve a rare 1st edition copy of The Difference Engine to compensate for his... well... plagiarism. On page 12 we compare the original with the imitation. —ed*

### ASALAAM ALAYKUM

(roughly translated as "Peace to you, dude")

I arrived here on the fourth after a good flight (in other words the plane didn't crash and I didn't lose my luggage).

On the way over I had a 12 hour layover in London. So I called up Buffalo Bill and made arrangements to see him.

B'Bill, Richard and Gelf (English for Jeff) impressed me as being All-Messenger kind of guys. I think they'll get this done in a proper & Gravy Dog sort of way. They reassured me that the days are August 12-14...

... Looking forward to seeing all of you. Please share this with Markus, Shur (for Shur!) and all others planning to go to London.

See you later, alligator.

Howard



## Bike Theft Report

By Sting King



This issue stars Mike Chisom (Spar King #80), who has been the victim of 2 recent thefts. One day not too long ago Cheezy was picking up at 600 Harrison. He frame-locked his bike, leaning it against the column, in full view of the in-security guard at the lobby desk. 2 minutes later he returned to find an empty column, and unobservant slobby guard. "I thought someone was playing a joke on me. But when I looked around no one was laughing...that's when it hit me." A quick check of down Hawthorne turned up a "gangsta style white male early 20's carrying a duffle bag" on one shoulder and Cheezy's bike on the other. A quick slam to the wall caused the punk to drop the bike, and convinced him not to pursue the matter any further. Almost a happy ending...It seems when Mike hit the wall looking to form a posse, to further deter this punk from continuing his evil ways, he was met with whines of "it's not my bike". Get real! Any messenger's bike could be your bike. The pigs don't care, so we've got to take care of ourselves. Just remember, "The thief you kill today may have stolen your bike tomorrow".

On the night of May 18th, at the Chisom palace at Oak and Scott, some crackhead got into the backyard and managed to grab two bikes locked together. The thief must have climbed the fence, because otherwise they would have heard him. The next day Cheezy saw one of the bikes at Haight and Pierce. Unfortunately, it was under an ominous looking gent who was surrounded by "5 of his homies". Mike hurried to the nearest phone at Scott and Haight, where he called the donut-munchers and his wife. Both got there reasonably fast. Needless to say the pigs spun them around the block a few times, but were too pussy to go into the projects, claiming "our jurisdiction ends at Steiner." Once again the pigs turn out to be chicken. They sure act brave when they stop us for running lights. And they wonder why we hate them. Mike was too pumped up to remember what the guy looked like, but the bike is a metallic red Bridgestone MB-6, ladies gel tech seat, strapless toe clips, dorky riser handlebars, xt derailleurs, suntour shifters, and city slickers. The other bike was a green Schwinn, painted black but mostly worn off, with straight bars and a chrome rack.

**ALWAYS LOCK YOUR BIKE TO SOMETHING SOLID!  
DON'T BOTHER CALLING THE COPS...THEY DON'T CARE!  
CALL YOUR FRIENDS INSTEAD...IF THEY DON'T CARE WE'RE ALL FUCKED!!!**

If you have anything to report, contact me, Sting King at King Courier 150 8th St.

Until next issue: Don't be a victim!



**Spokes**  
by FUR

“Wow! There are really 25 bike messenger women?” That’s how many showed up on short notice at Dolores Park on a Sunday, and we missed dozens and dozens. I was the only guy there, and I had goosebumps for hours. (Fortunately Victoria had invited Jill Haley-Scott, so we got good photos too.) Seeing so many of the women of our male-dominated profession at one time underscored for me that we are a family. So anyway, we got together as much ‘womens’ stuff as possible for this issue, ‘cause that’s the point.

The media invasion of the San Francisco messenger scene gets more intense all the time. A couple of my co-workers have made the most of recent standby time being photographed for money, friends are being hunted down by CNN for interviews illuminating SF’s wild bike ‘zine subcultures, network TV nearly carried a bm sitcom, Critical Mass continues to generate tons of media blather, much of it featuring the messengers’ role. We’re used to raise the profile of charities like the AIDS Bike-a-thon. Have you checked out how many messenger images are used to sell stuff in the commercial bike press these days? And of course there’s the Puck phenomenon, which thanks to Andrew (Sting) and his thoughtful comments (page 15), I can pretty much avoid talking about. Word is that he’s hooked up with a big-time agency; I look forward to seeing him in the flix or something, minus the bike-messenger pretensions. Tom Mix and Roy Rogers probably thought they were cowboys, too. What’s gratifying is that you never hear the old drivel the media used to sling about our impending disappearance ala Pony Express. Now it’s clear that we’re just visiting here, from the future.

As I lay all drugged and listless in my bed at General the day after a shoulder surgery, my roommate came in and told me he had just seen a group of Western Messengers on their way to visit a fallen sister, Andrea, who had her pelvis broken by a car. Damn, we keep those hospitals busy. This got me thinking about what SFBMA is and what it could be. We spend thousands every week at the same few bars. If a couple hundred people siphoned off a mere 5 bucks a month and dumped it into some kind of emergency fund thing, that would be \$12,000 in a year, to help people and invest to keep the fund going. Or maybe you buy a t-shirt and get a membership card. This kind of thing has been discussed before over the years. Might work, I dunno... could strengthen the messenger community in a variety of ways.



Hats off to Speedway’s Steven, who is this issue’s Labor Full-Guy. He got together with some fellow disgruntlers and made a very impressive attempt at getting some concessions from management based on increased demands being made on them by the new dress code. Solidarity was eroded by the lack of an immediate “pocketbook emergency,” and by management’s sensitive approach. There were even sandwiches and dervs on the day of a threatened work stoppage. I know how Steven must have felt. This rag was born after an embarrassing failure to call a strike at the now nearly-defunct Executive shop. America, Bongo, Melissa, Jennie and me realized there’s no chance for any improvement in our working conditions without communications that cross company lines. That’s still the main point, I think. So proj on Speedway rebels, we’ll get justice if we keep pushing. The rumble from D.C. (says the New York Times) is that the Teamsters are pushing to organize the whole courier industry there. Old timers will remember that the Teamsters secured a San Francisco beachhead in the mid-80’s when they organized Express Messenger— then a titan, now a puny route-type outfit. The Teamsters never made an effort to go city-wide, which was, well... inexplicable. Maybe they’re going to get serious now.

All aboard for London! 10 or 12 of us are going to ride for SF glory, and we’ll also be kicking around plans for next year in Toronto, and ‘96 HERE IN SF! If you go to the 2nd annual World Bike Messenger party you’re going to meet some rad people and have one of the times of your life. See page 12 for more info.

Since at least the early 80’s there has been a grand tradition of South of Market after-work parking lot drinking spots. The current favorite is the Now hangout. Between two parking lots there is a strip of toxic yet fertile earth where a guy named Zach has been growing stuff for years, and with the messengers’ input, the Ledge has blossomed into a guerrilla garden paradise. The crops include: fava beans, red chard, beets, sage, mustard, 101 Cal chrysanthemums, geraniums, corn, salvia, hollyhocks, sunflowers, night-blooming jasmine, grapes and potatoes. No proj, but if you find the Ledge-garden, have a reverent puff: you’re on hallowed ground.

The founder of modern on-call messaging in SF, Carl Sparks, has passed on. He started several companies and took a piece of Aero to the grave. Well-placed sources say he shouldn’t be blamed for that, and that he was a straight-shooting enthusiastic business dude. He gave the world the legendary Aero-bike. As of presstime, we had no obituary, but it would be great if someone will submit one for next issue, ‘cause we need to send Mr. Sparks off properly.

Sometimes I think I hinder MR as much as I help it. It’s a community thing, but people think of it as Markus’ thing because I’m the last guy who started it who’s still involved, and also because of the way I am. I’m good at “fronting”, like selling ads, getting people to contribute and stuff, but I could never make any of this happen without lots of production help, and I’m usually so disorganized and busy with my band and stuff, I can’t manage to hook up with folks who want to help. So maybe we’ll get the next issue out sooner and better if we set a date now...say Wednesday, Aug 24, 7:00 @ Brainwash (Folsom & Langton) to kick around all ideas for the magazine and how we can nurture it.



# City Girl in the Country

No line  
at the  
BANK-

No car  
alarms in  
the middle  
of the night

Deer  
are  
everywhere

No roommates  
finishing  
off the good  
leftovers-

Haven't had  
to watch  
insepid  
beer ads-

Don't have  
to share  
the  
bathroom

There must  
be a beer  
in  
here-

# A Lesson in Balance

MC Betzo 1994

The BANK  
is 6  
miles  
away.

Can only  
pick up  
AM radio  
stations

No corner  
store for  
quick  
buys

Nobody  
to  
talk to

Haven't  
seen  
MST-3K  
either.

The  
bathroom  
is  
outside.

There must  
be a beer  
in  
here

END

## OPEN FORUM John Thaxton

### A Bike Messenger Replies



**J**OHN JAMISON (Open Forum, July 13) accuses San Franciscan bike messengers of reckless behavior, ruffianism and drug addiction. He is wrong on all three counts.

First, bike messengers supply the Financial District with a much needed service. If a messenger is seen threading through traffic and/or running a red light, it is only because of a deadline to meet and a customer to please. Bike messengers are, without a doubt, the most cost-effective service in the city. Who else would toil 10 or 12 blocks for a paltry sum of 90 cents?

In my decade of service to this community as a bike messenger, I have received two paid vacations, no paid holidays and no health coverage. This is standard fare for most messengers.

Secondly, bike messengers are not "ruffians." However, they do exhibit a high degree of esprit de corps. Many struggling artists in the music scene and other me-

diums are also bike messengers. I know how it feels to be exploited during the day, only to come home at night and give away one's art for free. Somewhere in the pockets of my hair shirt lies the maxim that money and art only corrupt each other.

Thirdly, marijuana use in American society crosses all social and economic boundaries. Ronald Reagan admitted to smoking marijuana at a party. President Clinton admitted to smoking pot but to not inhaling. Bike messengers are only guilty of using marijuana in an open setting, unlike all those white-collar types who secretly smoke weed in a closet somewhere.

Mr. Jamison is the type of individual who probably hangs out in a second-rate cafe, writing fourth-rate verse only to impress some possible sexual conquest. My glove is off, sir.

John Thaxton lives in San Francisco.

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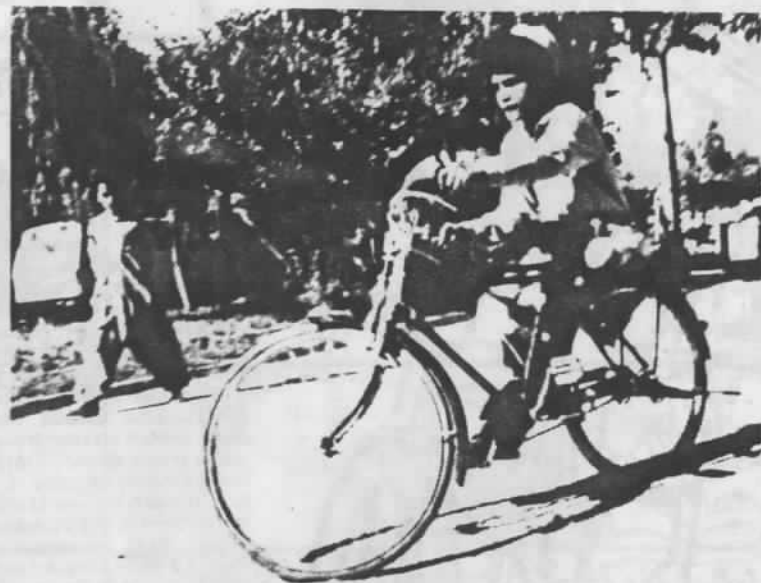
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# BAAR

## ANNUAL REPORT SUMMARY

**1993** marked the first full calendar year of BAAR operations in Jalalabad, Afghanistan. The year was eventful and we achieved several major goals.



In March we opened the first physical therapy clinic for female patients in Ningarhar Province (Afghanistan's second largest province in population).

On May 11, we sponsored a bike race for amputees and other disabled riders (such as boys with polio). Ninety-five riders participated with all but one completing the ten kilometer (6 mile) course over a dirt road. There were no injuries. The one rider who failed to finish had a broken pedal.

In July some of our staff became the first NGO (non-government organization) employees to visit the Jalalabad asylum for mentally and emotionally disabled. We donated ten electric fans (one for each room of the asylum).

Also in July, Dr. Abdul Baseer (Director of the Jalalabad Center)

and I visited Kabul-- Afghanistan's capital and largest city-- and the northern cities of Kunduz and Taloqan. In Kunduz we became the first NGO representatives to visit the representatives of Kunduz Province's disabled community. We studied the possibility of starting work in Taloqan or Kunduz. However, reaching these cities requires going through Kabul, where fighting is still going on.

On August 25 we celebrated our first anniversary in Jalalabad. A video was made of the celebration and is being translated and edited. Hopefully it will be ready this spring.

In October we opened a screening clinic in Jalalabad for Pakistan's Darus Salam Hospital. Darus Salam provides free reconstructive plastic surgery for people

with certain disabilities such as polio and burns contractures, club-foot and certain birth defects. Our screening clinic determines if disabled persons can be treated at Darus Salam and coordinates their surgery and treatment plan.

On December 25 we sponsored another bike race for disabled riders, this time in Peshawar, Pakistan. The race was held to honor Pakistan for providing refuge to nearly four million Afghans during the long war. Fifty-eight riders completed the 5-1/2 mile course. Again, there were no injuries. As in the May race, the Pakistan Cycling Federation's Peshawar chapter provided tremendous logistical support.

In 1993, 203 adult amputees graduated from the bicycle program. Thirty kids (amputees and polio) also graduated.

During the year our physical therapists treated 443 men, 379

women and 277 children. The 1993 total of 1,099 patients is expected to be surpassed in 1994.

In addition to the above, we try to help our trainees find jobs. In September, we placed five amputees in a prosthesis production training class and three more as security guards for another organization's guest house. Our bicycle mechanic Hyatt Khan teaches his craft to about eight amputee trainees each month. Some of his students are hired by us on an "as needed" basis when bicycle assembly (including wheel smithing) is required. Over 40 sewing machines have been awarded by us as prizes in our two bicycle races to help these amputees generate future income.

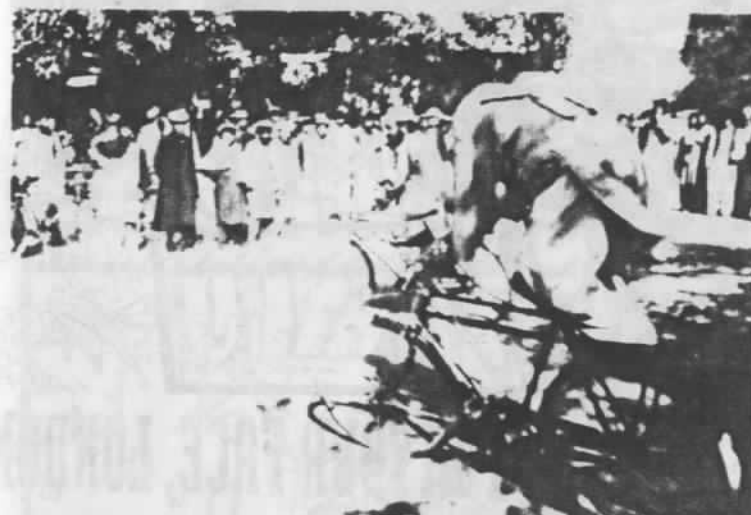
Our staff has remained very stable throughout the year as there were no resignations and only one dismissal from a staff of 31. About

one third of our personnel are amputees.

Those of you who bought T-shirts or assisted in other ways helped make all of this happen. Dr. Baseer and our staff in Jalalabad and Peshawar offices told me to thank you.

BAAR— Box 26650, San Francisco, CA 94126 / (415) 931-5901

**News flash! Howard has recently put out a call for surplus two-way radios for refugee camps. They needn't be working, but at least repairable, ok? Speedway and Now have already responded. If your company can help, call Markus @ 904-4593 afternoons 4:30-6:30.**



**Chris Hsiang's new t-shirt design: buy it and help Howard and friends do important work!**



# Mag's We Like!

OFFICE CUPBOARDS, PAUSING ONLY TO RIP OFF XEROXES OF HER CRITICAL MASS FLYER AND FAX HER BROTHER A FUNNY DOODLE.

**BIKE.NOT**  
Chris,  
c/o 56a Infoshop  
56 Crampton St,  
LONDON  
SE17 9X  
Fax: 071 326 0353

So, okay at least the games up in the first paragraph. Yeah! I gotta bike and it sort of sat for a long time in my hallway with two flats...now I'm kinda objectifying it, making it out to be something else, caught up in a mood for it and all that (you decide). But I really feel it is precious and important (sips tea), you know like it can be so many things to me - a bike, a cool bike, a political bike, a weapon, a poem, a machine, momentum, some history of my life, a fucking joke or a fucking pain in the arse, a spaceship, OH! anything and everything.

## Suspect

So I suspect that I'm just freewheelin' shit on you about my bike because I suddenly had a feeling that it's a brilliant thing and a load of people on brilliant things is mighty. (I did get new tyres and innertubes sometime back (2 years) determined to ride more) and I now rode in London's second Critical Mass type thing and I'm flyering for the next one. I had a wonderful time on it and I read a load about Critical Mass in the States and wanted it to happen here because I loved the spirit of the thing and the way it works and all the fun, the fuss and stuff.

There's plenty of inconsistency in my current bike love but I know it's true love - auto-capitalism

articles / stories / new stuff / letters matter



BEST GREAT FINE, YOU NEW HERE?  
NO!  
OH ANNN... ER DO YOU CYCLE HERE?  
NEVER  
OH I DO I WAS JUST GONNA SEE WHICH WAY YOU CAME IN TO WORK!  
LOOK, WORK'S A FUCKING DRAG LEAVE ME ALONE U.K.  
REALLY? WELL MAYBE IT'S JUST THE FEELING THAT'S THE DRAG!  
LISTEN I'M NOT FILING I'M STEALING THESE RING BINDERS  
OH!  
THEY'LL LOOK GREAT IN MY FLAT B'YA WANT SOME?

Unauthorized reprint from Bike•Not  
a rad new London 'zine

We here at Mercury Rising are glad that Chris got new tubes&tyres and found true love with his bicycle...  
We also hope to see more of BIKE•NOT here in the States.

think you're the fastest???

prove it!!!!

CMC '94 the second world cycle messenger championships will be held in London August 5-7

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PROJ FOR YOUR FACE, LONDON!

THINK YOU'RE THE FASTEST??

SQUEAKS

SQUEAKSQUEAKSQUEAKS

SQUEAKSQUEAKSQUEAKS

SO WHAT??

SQUEAKSQUEAKSQUEAKS

CH 14

# CYCLE MESSENGER WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS 1994

ROYAL VICTORIA DOCK,  
LONDON

12<sup>th</sup> - 14<sup>th</sup> AUGUST

COMPETITIONS INFORMATION FOR COMPETITORS AS OF MAY 1994

## CYCLE MESSENGER WORLD CHAMPION (INDIVIDUAL, MALE AND FEMALE)

With many teams from the major messenger cities (Berlin, London, New York, Toronto, Washington D.C. etc.) having already confirmed interest, this will be the centrepiece of CMWC '94. The winners of this competition will be the undisputed messenger world champions. The race will consist of 10 qualifying heats of up to 40 riders throughout Saturday with the finals of 22 male riders and up to 40 female on Sunday. These races will whittle down the field by subjecting contestants to a series of brutal eliminations - testing skill, cunning, strength and stamina in a purpose-built arena representing London post codes. The competition will be designed so that non-English speaking couriers will not be disadvantaged. London's own cycle couriers confidently expect to repel all comers and travel to Toronto, venue for CMWC'95, as reigning World Champions. All you others can expect to get carried badly!

## THE HEATS

Within each heat there will be two Race Groups of up to 20 competitors. Each RG will be racing the checkpoints in a slightly different order to every other RG. This will prevent the competition from becoming a "follow the leader" procession. Qualification for the final will be based on finishing position in Race Group. First 2 finishers in each RG qualify for the A final. Next 3 qualify for B final. If finalists will be handicapped for 5 minutes on the A finalists.

Length of race: we expect the heats to last no longer than 45 minutes, with the top 5 taking no longer than 30 minutes to finish. Because of the complications of setting a format which is a realistic test, we may need to stop the racing after 45 minutes of every heat. We expect your cooperation in this matter. As can be seen the numbers of competitors in the heats and the finals is reduced by nearly half on last year. This will mean that less people are in with a chance but makes for a more realistic competition with less likelihood of people ending up trapped beneath the tables at the checkpoints, as happened last year.

It can also be seen that there are no extra qualifying places for "wacky" messengers. This is not because we had any particular quarrel with the inclusion of this at CMWC '93; we simply don't think that our format can support any more finalists than 32 'A's and 48 'B's and still be a messenger race rather than just another bike race. Those of you that are not satisfied with the reasons set out here can apply to MTP for the Race Format Proposal which sets out our thinking at greater length than we are prepared to do here.

## THE FINALS

We intend the finals to last up to 3 hours. It will take the form of a 'devil take the hindmost'. This means that as the race goes on there will be fewer and fewer racers on the course. We do not wish to reveal too much about the final except that our aim is to test the learning curve of the competitors as well as their legs, concentration, guts and ability to suffer. We expect it to be brutal. We want the winners to finish on their knees. In London, when we have finished a hard day's work as a courier we can barely stand up straight; we are completely filthy and we smell bad; we wish our winners to look as though they have done a hard day's work not just popped out for a picnic in the woods!

## ELIGIBILITY

Only messengers are permitted to enter. Any team found to have included non-messengers in their registration will be disqualified and barred from future CMWCs. However, exceptions to the rule are AABRIAN competitors and Russian competitors.

## OLD GITS

The CMWC '94 Race Committee has decided to permit one other type of entry: ex-messengers or, as they are more commonly known in London, 'Old Gits'. 'Old Gits' will be permitted to enter and race in the championships races on condition that they enter in teams not containing serving messengers and declare that they are 'Old Gits' on their entry forms. Teams entering the 'Old Git' class face stiff competition from the likes of Buffalo Bill, Angie Dickinson, Paris and ex-FCL Chris Birwell. 'Old Gits' will not, however, be permitted to win the Championships: any 'Old Git' who is found to be in a winning position in the Final will be pushed into the Dock. Any team found to have un-declared 'Old Gits' will be disqualified.

## GENERAL RULES (CHAMPIONSHIPS RACES)

THERE WILL BE NO ATTEMPT TO MAKE THE COMPETITION 'FAIR'. STREET JUSTICE IS COMPLETELY ARBITRARY AND THE CHAMPIONSHIP RACES WILL REFLECT THIS. Contestants failing to get the right proof of delivery from the right check point will be disqualified. To avoid the problems of handing all competitors will start on foot with their bikes locked. They will collect their first parcel and go to their machines, unlock them and make haste to the first destination. Any unlocked bike will be 'bike-clamped' by authorized 'bike clampers'. At each checkpoint competitors will be required to dismount and park their bikes outside the designated 'clamp' zone. Failure to do so could result in 'bike-clamping'.

All competitors will be required to observe the 'one-way' system on the course (see map in the interests of safety. This will be enforced by 'traffic police-persons' who will have complete discretion to disqualify any competitor at any time, with no appeal.

Competitors must have their lock and key at the finish. The numbers supplied must be worn at all times during races.

Competitors behaving in an un-messenger-like fashion eg fighting with other messengers, failing to enjoy themselves, not drinking enough tea/coffee during the Championships, putting embrocations on their legs etc. etc will be disqualified without appeal.

## PERMITTED MACHINES

Any pedal-powered machine will be permitted. Tandems will count as one competitor and will receive one race number only. Also, if any competitor wishes to race on a skate-board they will be allowed to do so. However, competitors will only be permitted to use one machine during the Championships. The only circumstance where competitors will be permitted to change machines will be due to disastrous mechanical failure (eg snapped frame). The Race Captain's decision will be final on this matter.

## APPEALS

All competitors have the right to appeal to the Race Captain. The Race Captain's decision will be final and binding in all matters relating to the racing.

## CYCLE MESSENGER WORLD CHAMPIONS (TEAM - UNISEX)

This will be the team with the lowest combined 4 scores. Each team member's final placing will be their score. Eg team places riders 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th; team score = 10 points. Female team members will be given their score according to their place in their class and subjected to a complicated mathematical formula devised by Race Captain Boris. Hence possibly giving those teams with female members an advantage. To this end we ask that all competitors declare their sex on the entry form. It will be noted that there is no separate award for female teams because we feel this is artificial: as far as we know there are no all-women messenger companies apart from Lickety Split Delivery in S.F. If they race we will give them an award for being cool. Team entries will be of 4 - 6 riders.

**BEST DRESSED MESSENGER** - Judged by a Fashion Professional. Cycle couriers are fashion leaders. They helped popularize the use of mountain bikes and they were used as fashion templates during the boom of lycra clothing. They have even managed to give the humble paper boy's bag a certain street credibility. We will leave it up to the judges to decide what a well-dressed messenger should look like.

**BEST DRESSED BIKE** - Judged by Erik Zones of Zo Bags S.F., Buffalo Bill (Editor of Moving Target), Paul Burwell (Technical Editor of M.B.J.). The panel will be looking for the bike which most expresses the character of the rider and reflects their pride in their machine, not necessarily the most expensive bike.

**THE IMPERIAL WHEELIE CHALLENGE** - a slow speed competition testing agility and balance on the bike. Contestants will negotiate an obstacle course consisting of typical city hazards. The visual highlight of the competition will be when the contestants ride on to the roof of a parked car and remain motionless on the bike for two minutes without 'dabbling' (putting down a foot to stabilise). We do not expect everybody to enter this race. We would like all those who are interested in this 'trials' - style event to pre-register on the entry form. This is essential for scheduling purposes. Entries will be taken at the event.

**THE SMOKIN' TYRE CHAMPION** - Winner of the Smokin' Tyre Sprint. A short sharp race for those who think that they are the fastest away from the lights. Thrills and spills are guaranteed! This will be a 100m sprint on the flat testing nothing except pure speed. Entries will be taken 'on the line'. Depending on the numbers there will be heats and a final. Dead heats will be decided by one or more race-offs. There will be supplementary charge of £5 cash for this race. The winner will take the lot.

**THE SANDWICH CLASSIC** - a race for trade bikes ie bikes that are designed to carry heavy or large loads. Widely used by messenger companies on the continent, this will be an opportunity for these formidable machines to shine. This will be a 2km point-to-point race with crates of beer carried as load. Prizes for this race have yet to be negotiated. Please pre-register on the entry form if you wish to compete in this race. This is essential for scheduling purposes. Contestants in this race may bring a machine specifically for this race. This is the only race that competitors will be able to use a separate machine for.

## OTHER EVENTS

### Courier Gallery

This multi-media exhibition, open throughout the championships, will include couriers' artifacts, pictures of early couriers, video footage of the Toronto Alley Cat races, video footage of other programmes featuring couriers, courier art, paintings, poetry, tarot cards, sculpture and other media created by couriers thus reflecting the diversity and individuality of the people who ride the city for a living. This exhibition will be coordinated by Seth Turner, a courier/artist whose paintings were recently featured by London Transport in their 'On the Buses' exhibition. If you have material that you wish to exhibit please contact MTP direct now.

### MESSENGER PARADE

This is a non-competitive ride for everybody. The best dressed Messenger will be adjudicated during this ride. In London we have four couriers who were killed whilst working. We will be carrying a wreath in their memory during this ride and laying it at shrine built specially for them. We would like to remember all messengers who have been killed whilst working world-wide. If you know of deaths in your city let us know their names so we can add them to our own and remember them, too. Please bring tributes to CMWC '94 to lay at the shrine with us.

### UNOFFICIAL RACES

Because the site is not on public roads, the course will be available for unofficial racing throughout the weekend. Please note that we will accept proposals for semi-organised unofficial races. Contact MTP direct. We wish to avoid having too many riders not competing in 'official' races on the course whilst official races are taking place. However, as long as riders behave with due concern for the safety of 'official' competitors, anything goes. But we accept no responsibility for any injuries sustained as a result and we expect all riders at all times to accept the directions of the 'traffic policemen'.

**PLEASE NOTE** that we view CMWC '94 primarily as an opportunity for messengers world-wide to come together in a spirit of comradeship not just to race. The main objective is to have a good time and ride our bikes. Anybody coming for any other reason should bear this in mind.

### ENTRY FORM

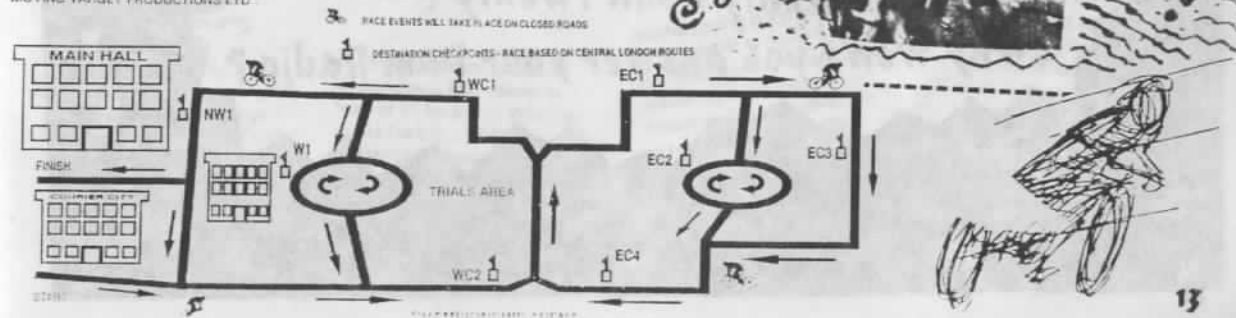
Please note that more than one team entry from a single courier company is permitted. The Race Committee welcomes cross-company, cross-city and cross-country teams. Entries by single competitors will be accepted but please one form per single entry. Any prospective competitor who is unable to raise a full team please contact MTP direct as there is a very good chance that we will be able to arrange for special sponsored international teams. Please give all the information on the entry form that we have asked for, plus supplementary information that you feel would be useful to us. If there are any further questions that you have regarding the event or travel arrangements to the event please contact us direct by letter or fax.

For your information we include the following typical prices in London of common messenger items: Pint (1/2 litre) of beer: £1.80 - £2.10; Midland Super Camis HC 23c tyre: £16.00 - £20.00; 500g Basmati Rice: £1.20; 1lb (500g) bananas: £0.50; pint of milk: £0.40; cup of cappuccino coffee: £0.75.

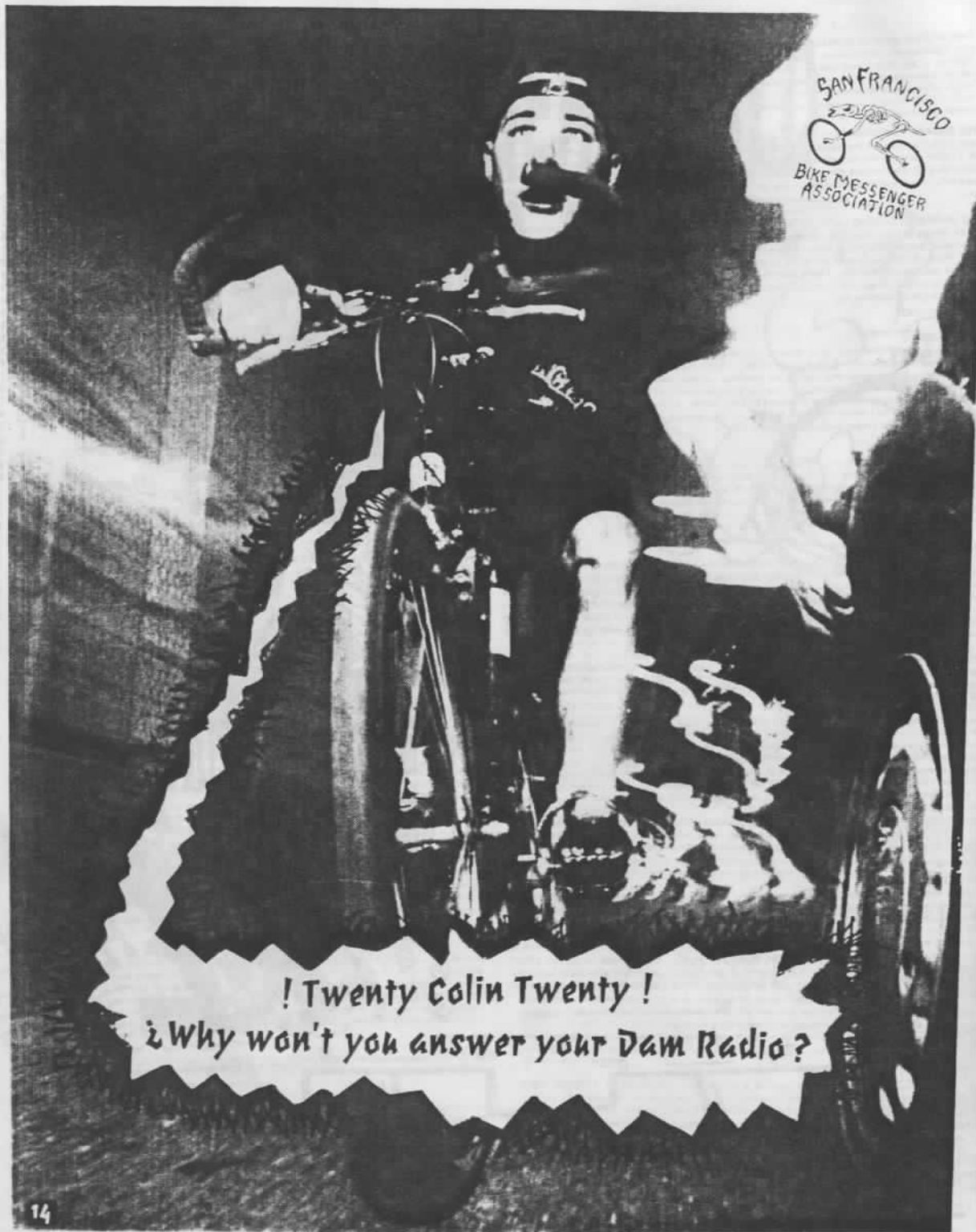
### ENTRY FEE

Entrants will be given places in the event on first-come first-served basis. The fee to enter all competitions (except the Smokin' Tyre Sprint) and the weekend will be £50. Entrance for the event including accommodation will be £30. We do not expect messengers to find this out of their own pocket. Team sponsors should provide the funds for the entry fee.

If you find that you are not able to find sponsorship and you can provide us with proof that you have made efforts to do so we will consider allowing entry at a reduced rate. Each case will be considered on individual merit starting 1st August. If you want to be sure of your place in CMWC '94, send the form & the money now. We prefer International Money Order made payable to: 'MOVING TARGET PRODUCTIONS LTD'.







SAN FRANCISCO  
BIKE MESSENGER  
ASSOCIATION

**! Twenty Colin Twenty !**  
**¿ Why won't you answer your Dam Radio ?**



#### EVERYTHING ON TV IS REAL!

Dear Editor:

In the weeks since "MTV's Real World" I have been deluged with calls from the press looking for dirt on Puck. They always ask the wrong questions and twist my answers to fit their agenda. I would like to set the record straight.

Puck Rainey is first and foremost a very amusing character. He is the embodiment of youthful exuberance. He is not a good example of bike messengers in general. Puck is MTV's idea of a bike messenger. MTV paid Puck to entertain, not deliver packages. Puck therefore is an entertainer not a messenger.

Puck was a messenger, before he was paid a gazillion dollars to live in a palatial house with a bunch of boring people (who would never give him the time of day much less live with him, if not for MTV). It does not matter how long he was a messenger, or how many tags he's done. MTV did not want an accurate portrayal of a bike messenger, they wanted good ratings. A real messenger would probably be very boring (comes home exhausted from 11 hour day, eats 6 packages

of ramen noodles, scrubs off grime layers, falls asleep in front of TV by 8:30). Whether or not Puck is a REAL messenger is inconsequential, I doubt that Rachael is a REAL republican. Who cares?! She's not running for office; he's not delivering your package.

Messengers are probably the most diverse group of people ever grouped together. We accept anyone who's dumb or crazy enough to put up with the bad drivers, toxic exhaust, hard work, and lousy pay (SF messengers are among the lowest paid in the country). There is only one Puck. His unique style should not be seen as that of the rest of the messengers. In the real Real World messengers like Puck mellow out, get fired or die.

Messengering is the most fun way possible to make a living. The freedom, excitement, and outlaw mystique make messengering very attractive to rebellious young non-conformists (that's how I got here). What I'm getting at is that there's room for a person like Puck in the messenger world because we're not hung

up about how you look or act as long as you do your job and treat others as with the same respect you expect from them.

Puck is truly (brutally) honest, and a decent person. He is also an entertainer at heart. He is doing exactly what his employer wants, getting your attention. Don't blame Puck for acting up, blame yourself for watching. Blame MTV for encouraging his wild behavior.

Without Puck the Real World would be real boring. While snort blowing and scab picking may not be appealing to most, if you can get over it and see what's behind the big "Hey I'm Puck look at me" facade you'd see an interesting and intelligent person who should go far in show biz. If you can't then its your loss, go watch the Weather Channel.

**Messenger Girls** What is it that makes them so attractive? Is it their confidence, born of a thousand near misses? Sunburned noses and scraped up knees put together in a neo-amazonian way-- you know, rolling warrior women, easy going and affable. Is it that they will always listen to my stories and at least pretend to be entertained? Well, I'm only sure about one thing:

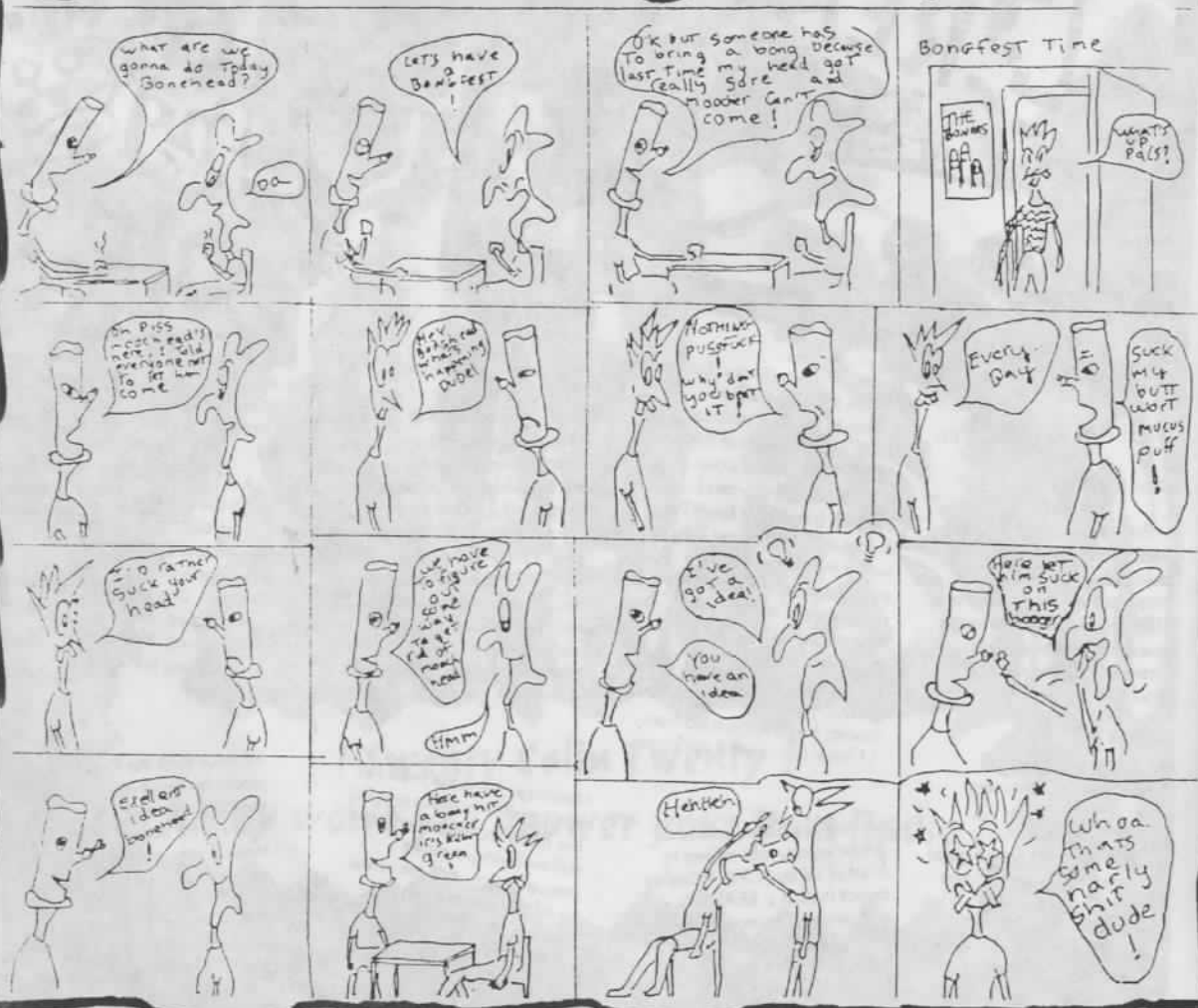
from fresh-faced rookie to road-weary vets, messenger girls I love you all.

-Butch "As In Easy"



# BONGHEAD & BONEHEAD

-charmian



# How The West Was Packaged.

There was a time when cowboys rode the plains of Romanticism. They worked long hard days filled with danger and adrenaline. They lived a life of rugged stoicism that most couldn't understand and few could stomach. They were scarred and dirty. They stank of manure and sweat. Mostly they were just themselves.

Then one day a stranger showed up with a slick horse, pearl grips and an attitude. The cowboys were a friendly and accepting bunch and didn't mind the stranger's individuality - most folk thought he was good for a chuckle. He could hold his own in the saddle and there was work for him from time to time. Everyday the cowboys would ride out and leave the rest of the world to live out it's own mundane existence. The common folk frowned at the cowboys but, secretly obsessed & vicariously played out their own outlaw fantasies through them.

Desperation & interest grew, and someone realized there was money to be made. Soon a group of city slickers came to town looking for a wrangler with the right image to entertain the masses. Once they saw the stranger in his shiny boots and spiked hair they knew they had to have him. Ya see, he talked like they thought a cowboy should talk & he looked like they thought a cowboy would look & he new all the rope tricks, (Hell, he even smelled bad). So they changed his name to Will Rogers and shipped him back to Hollywood.

Once they got him back in the city they wound him up & crammed him in a little box. All came to watch. And wouldn't you know it - he was funny.

Meanwhile back at the ranch, the cowboys just kept on working those long days in the hot sun, roping and riding and doing the crazy things cowboys do. Ya see they didn't have time for rope tricks and other people's entertainment- they just wanted chow from the wagon, lovin from the oven & bullets for the six shooter. Some were jealous of Will, but most realized Will would never escape that little box and be a cowboy. Nope, Will and his horse Trigger would go on to stardom leaving the Cowboys to just be themselves.



# ¡VIVA ZAPATA!

## The Voice of the Zapatistas

**W**e have nothing to lose, absolutely nothing, no decent roof over our heads, no land, no work, poor health, no food, no education, no right to freely and democratically choose our leaders, no independence from foreign interests, and no justice for ourselves and our children. But we say enough is enough! We are the descendants of those who truly built this nation, we are the millions of dispossessed, and we call upon all our brethren to join our crusade, the only option to avoid dying of starvation! We are addressing ourselves to you directly to tell you that the Mexican federal government is using the economic and military aid that it receives from the people and the government of the United States of North America to massacre the indigenous people of Chiapas.

— Zapatista National Liberation Army Declaration of Lacandon, 1993.

**W**e ask whether the U. S. Congress and the people of the United States of North America approved this military and economic aid to fight drug traffic or to assassinate the Indians of southeast Mexico. Troops, airplanes, helicopters, radar, communications equipment, arms and military paraphernalia are being used now not to fight drug traders and the big *capos* of the drug mafias, but to repress the just struggles of the people of Mexico and of the Indians of Chiapas in the southeastern part of our country, and to assassinate men, women and innocent children.

We do not receive any aid from any foreign government, individual or organization. We have nothing to do with drug traffic or with national and international terrorism. We have organized ourselves voluntarily and our organization has its own life, because of our great needs and problems. We are tired of so many years of deception and death. It is our right to fight in order to have life with dignity. At every moment we have observed the international laws of war and have respected the civilian population.

With the help that you the people and the government of North America have given to the Mexican federal government, you are staining your hands with Indian blood. Our dream and desire is that of all the people of the world: true liberty and democracy. And for this dream we are willing to give our lives. Do not stain your hands with our blood by allowing yourselves to be the accomplices of the Mexican government.



He was in fact virtual leader of the army in the southern half of the country. His crack troops known as the 'Death Legion' were quite well armed and mounted and were probably the best soldiers in the revolution. The banner they carried was of curious design: the virgin of Guadalupe mounted on a skull and cross-bones. This army was already calling itself the Zapatistas and one of its chief weapons was the stick of dynamite. This was lit by holding the bare fuse against a lighted cigar, the holder getting rid of it as soon as possible.

**L'Unita:** Comandante Marcos, you took San Cristóbal on January 1st. But who are you people?

**Marcos:** We form part of the Zapatista Army of National Liberation (EZLN), and we demand the resignation of the federal government and the formation of a new transition government to convoke free and democratic elections for August 1994. We demand that the principal demands of the peasants of Chiapas be resolved: Bread, health, education, autonomy, and peace. The Indians have always lived in a state of war because until today there has always been a state of war against them, while now it will be for both Indians and whites. In any case, we have the opportunity to die fighting and not of dysentery, which is how the Indians of Chiapas normally die.

**L'Unita:** Are you part of some peasant political organization?

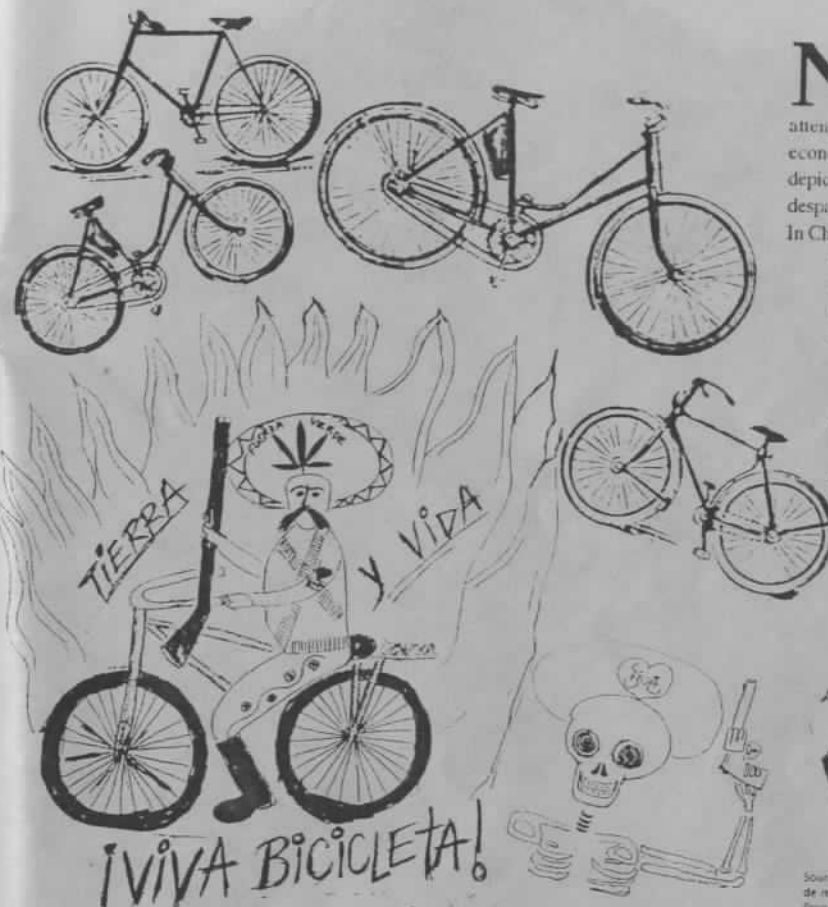
**Marcos:** We have no relation with any type of above-ground organization. Our organization is exclusively clandestine and armed.

**L'Unita:** It was born from nothing; that is, improvised?

**Marcos:** We are not an improvised movement; we have been preparing in the mountains for ten years. We have matured, thought, learned, and we have arrived at this decision.

**L'Unita:** Is there racial and ethnic content in your demands?

**Marcos:** The Directing Committee is formed of Tzotzil, Tzeltal, Chol, Tojolabal, Mam, and Zoque Indians, the principal ethnic groups of Chiapas. All of them are in agreement, and besides democracy and representation, they demanded respect, respect that the whites have never given them. Especially in San Cristóbal, the "coletos" [citizens of San Cristóbal] are very insulting and discriminatory with respect to the Indians in daily life. Now the whites respect the Indians, because they come with guns in hand.



Sources: Carlos Acosta Córdova and Ignacio Ramírez, "La destrucción, principal causa de muerte," *Proceso*, January 10, 1994, pp. 45-6, 48, and Julio Moguel, "Chiapas y el Proceso," *La Jornada del Campo*, January 25, 1994, p. 7.

And so this pain that united us began to speak and we recognized that in our words was truth. We saw that not only pain and suffering lived in our tongue and understood that there is still hope in our chests. We looked inside ourselves and spoke to ourselves and saw our history. We saw our greatest parents suffering and struggling. We saw our grandparents struggling. We saw our parents with fury in their hands. We saw that not everything had been taken from us, that we still had the most valuable thing, that which made us live, that which raised our step above the plants and animals, that which put the stone beneath our feet. And we saw, brothers and sisters, that it was DIGNITY that was all we had and we saw the great shame in having forgotten this. And we saw that DIGNITY was good for human beings to again be human. This dignity returned to live in our hearts and we were renewed and the dead, our dead, saw that we were renewed and they called us again to dignity and to the struggle.

And then our heart was no longer pain and suffering. Courage came, bravery came to us from the mouth of our greatest dead, yet now alive again in our dignity which they gave us. And in this way we saw that it's bad to die from pain and suffering. We saw that we had to win a dignified death so that everyone would live, one day, with good and with reason. Then our hands sought freedom and justice. Then our hands, empty of hope, filled with fire to demand and cry out our longings, our struggle. Then we rose to walk again, our step firm again. Our hands and our hearts were armed. "For everyone!" says our heart, not for only

some, not for the few, "For everyone!" cried out our spilled blood, flowering in the streets of the cities where lies and deprivation govern.

We left our lands behind. Our houses are far away. We left everything, everything. We left our skin to dress for war and death. To live we die. Nothing for ourselves, for everyone everything that is ours, of ourselves and our children. We all left everything.

Now they want us alone, brothers and sisters, they want our death to be useless. They want our blood to be forgotten among the stones and the manure. They want our voices silenced and our steps to be turned back into the distance.

Don't abandon us, brothers and sisters. Take our nurturing blood, fill your hearts and the hearts of all good people of these lands: indigenous and non-indigenous, men and women, aged and children. Don't leave us alone. May it not all be in vain.

# FAST WOMEN!

They surf the waves of treacherous traffic from paternalistic bosses to patronizing clients by way of abusive sexist screaming motorists. Just who are these fast women? What are their hopes, their dreams, their shoe sizes?

PHOTO: JILL HADLEY SCOTT



# Urban Green

By Stuart

About sixty cyclists did a mini critical mass on the second community garden ride sponsored by the SF Bicycle Coalition (SFBC) and the SF League of Urban Gardeners (SLUG). On a gorgeous Saturday afternoon we pedaled to gardens in the Sunset, Richmond, North Beach, Russian Hill, and the Tenderloin.

The ride began with a brief history of SLUG, a nonprofit community organization that teaches composting and gardening. Katie, SLUG's gardening/composting educator, showed us several examples of composting bins including rodent resistant bins for fruit, vegetable and yard trimming scraps and open piles for yard trimmings. One of the bins, called the Earth Machine, is a type of rodent resistant composting bin that looks a little like a plastic garbage can. I hitched the SFBC trailer to my bike and pedaled the Earth Machine from garden to garden, and deposited a ceremonial trowel-full of compost at each garden.

The gardens we saw, about a dozen in all, varied greatly from

large and well-established gardens like Argonne, to wee tiny small petite little ones, like the rooftop of the Senator Hotel in the Tenderloin, from weedy gardens like the Sunset Community Garden for Sunset seniors to well-manicured plots like the Fort Mason garden for Marina residents.

We helped with the weeding at the senior citizen garden in Golden Gate Park. After that visit, one of the riders convinced us to add an impromptu garden to the tour. He was a high school teacher who was thrilled to take us one block and a slight incline out of our way to show off the garden of native plants begun by his students on a hill that was formerly a trash dump. We ate our picnic lunches in the Richmond, at Argonne Garden, in the midst of fragrant vegetables, flowers and herbs. From there, it was through the Presidio to the second part of the tour. At the Presidio I stopped to empty my bladder in the shadow of a tank on the main parade ground. Someone hung a bicycle from the gun barrel of a tank, a symbol we admired while Donald, the leader of the ride, told us a little about the National Park Services plan for the park (which aren't too pleasant for bicyclists, by the way).

At the Michelangelo garden, tucked between homes on Russian Hill, one of the founders proudly showed us a "before" photo of the site (ugly cracked concrete the remnants of an old

school that had been moved) and invited us to compare it with the "after" — a community garden, children's playground, basketball court, lawn area and benches. The whole transformation was made possible by a grassroots organizing effort to use the land for public space rather than real estate venture.

I had a blast pulling the trailer around and got lots of attention from pedestrians and motorists (who treated me and my earth machine in tow with more respect than I usually get). I passed out several Earth Machine brochures and wished I had some of Bogart's business cards to hand out. Going up hills was a bit grueling but I got plenty of help from fellow cyclists who positioned themselves on either side of the Earth Machine so that we pedaled to the summits in a triangle formation. I flew on the downhill shouting: "The trailer doesn't have brakes", and "This vehicle makes wide turns."

The last "official" garden we visited was the rooftop garden at the Senator. Sabrina of the Planet Drum Foundation arranged for



us to see this limited access garden. The gardeners were incredibly friendly — one even left his bedroom door open so we could use his bathroom. With bikes securely stowed in the lobby, we climbed the eight flights of stairs to view this spot of green above the City, where Brian recounted the story of hauling a truckload of soil to the rooftop planter boxes up the stairs — one bucket at a time. (The elevators broke down that day.) Next to the Senator is Cohen Alley, the site of a future community garden for shade loving plants (the alley gets only two hours of afternoon sun). From this small patch of green we looked out upon the city as the sounds of a live band playing in the street from the block party below ended the day.

While most riders had peeled off for the day at this point, a few of us tacked one more garden onto the trip — the "beer garden" at Zeitgeist. We reflected on a day well spent, and had a toast to a greener future for the city.

The community garden rides are semi-annual events, the next one is slated for September 18, 11:00 am at Dolores Park.

If interested in composting or getting a plot at one of the many community gardens throughout the city call: 285-SLUG.

The next cultural bike ride will be a tour of Angel Island. This ride will meet: Sunday August 7 at Pier 41 at 9:30am sharp. A fee for ferry transport and park admittance will be charged.

Tracy Vincent



"It's not embarrassing. At least not to us."

I'm convinced

that time is a

lot more

valuable

than money

WELL BROTHERS AND SISTERS  
THE APOCALYPSE IS RUNNING LATE

ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER...

OPPORTUNITY  
TO SURVIVE!

WE DELIVER!

We'll beat anybody

Messengers  
The Best and the Brightest  
of San Francisco  
ride!



HEALTH

ENERGY

AWARENESS

SELF-DEFENSE

Experience it!

"Leave home as soon as you can support  
yourself and never return."

dangerous games



# SOAPBOX DERBY

brought to you by **S.F.I.S.S. & Parte**

The first season was brought on by a dare which grew to a challenge. Through mini-mags like this and the ever persuasive word of mouth, over a dozen soapboxes showed up for the inaugural race back in May of '93.

By the time of the season finale in October, there were an average of thirty-plus entrants, more than ever anticipated. We loved it. The crowds grew as the contestants did. The trophies got cooler, the 'soaps' got faster, the competition got fiercer, the party got bigger.

We settled on a racing format that includes 'heats' of downhill. In other words four or five at a time is plenty, though we refuse to end a day without a LeMans start (ask a vet).

This year there will be nine races starting with Sunday, May 15th at the usual place; Bernal Heights Speedway, home of Satan's Slingshot.

As usual, all are invited to race and/or spectate. We are not picky; young and old, tall and short, non-luge and non-luge, ugly and uglier, fast and slow. Faster is funner though.

There were many different interpretations of 'soapbox' throughout season 1, including a(n): log on wheels, denippling, couple shopping cart daredevils, rat, ballsy tandem, dashing racer, offroad or two, and no beer in public.

Let the dare become a challenge within you. Let your creative spirit take over and design the ultimate machine. Or collect street scores and use duct tape ala McGiver. Shit, build a car you lazy ass, it ain't that hard.



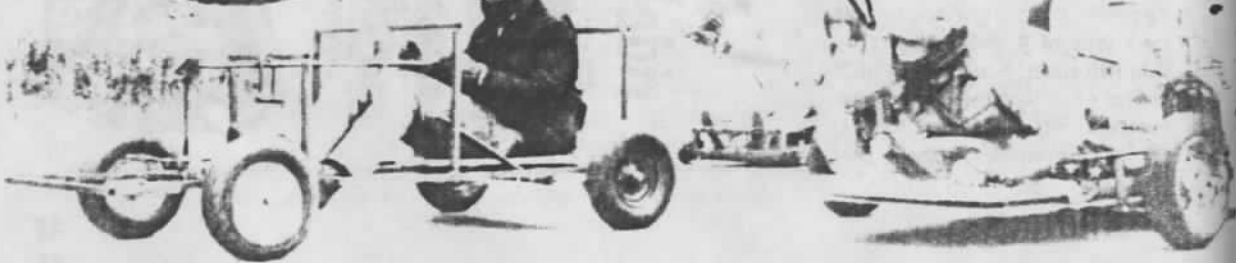
## Tools You May Need to Build a Soapbox

- saw, hack for metal, jig for wood
- drill, metal and wood bits
- beer & proj. enough to share
- hammer & nails
- a friend w/ band-aids
- wrenches, nuts and bolts
- a big rock
- left-handed screwdriver
- wheels that roll
- brake knowledge
- a whatchamathingamajiger (maybe)
- more beer
- access to an outlet

brakes are important

Out of my way... I'm Drunk!

Speed Thrills... let's go!



## it was gross

what was it, a tuesday or something? anyway, it was sunny, i was a little stoned, it was before lunchtime, and i had a 17th street on me. i was stopped in the crosswalk on 16th @ folsom, headed east. it all happened real fast, but it went something like this: the light changed and i started to go. out of the corner of my vision i saw a dark blue van with a white stripe race across the intersection on folsom going south, but before this light-runner even registered, i heard the sickening crunch of metal against metal, then the dull thud of a body and motorcycle hitting the warm asphalt.

there were people around. i heard a person say, "oh my god, that's bad..." package or no package, i dropped my bike on the sidewalk and ran up to the fallen motorcyclist, along with a guy who had abandoned his shopping cart and sleeping bag to rush to the rider's assistance. he was unconscious, still partly straddling his motorcycle, his helmeted head and slumped shoulders propped up by his handlebars. i didn't see any blood, but didn't know what to do. for once, the 22 bus rolled up when you needed it, and the driver radioed in for help. i did the same, but i heard it pissed off the dispatchers because they were switching boards, or some shit like that. one of the order takers called 911, though, so thanks!

meanwhile, a small crowd had gathered around the fallen cyclist, collectively deciding, "hey, let's move this guy out of the intersection!" my brain switched out of panic mode long enough to yell, "no! no! don't move him! you'll make it worse!" another bystander who still had his wits about him found the cyclist's pulse in his neck and checked for breathing. "he's ok," he said and within seconds a police officer pulled up, followed by a firetruck and an ambulance. i backed away from the scene... my head hurt and i felt like throwing up. i passed off the 17th street to andrea, even though i could have just dropped it off late. the lunch dispatcher had just come on and was pissed off because he had tags in the area, but i didn't give a fuck about any of that shit, and stayed around to give my name and number to the police officer, along with a handful of other witnesses.

where's the driver?" everyone seemed to ask at the same time. we looked around at each other, a small crowd that had been in or around the intersection at the time

of the accident. we looked down folsom in the direction the van had been traveling, and sure enough, it was there—pulled over to the curb in what appeared to be a very rushed parking job. it was empty, and there was no driver in sight. i'm assuming the van can't even be traced to the driver; it looked sort of beat up, and whoever was driving bailed instantly. i cursed myself for not looking at the van when the cyclist went down, i was the only one on a bike when it happened, and i could have chased the fucker down. but fuck it, if that person bailed, they probably don't have insurance or anything. maybe the driver was already in deep shit for something else, and just had to get away.

or maybe s/he was just one of those fuckers who just doesn't care.

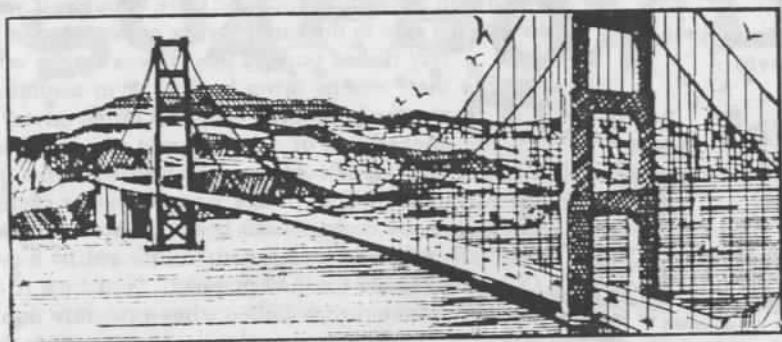
eventually, i called in and got back on the job. i was shaking and almost puked twice, and wanted to stop by Lloyd's for a drink, but never got around that area. for the rest of the day, i kept imagining people as monsters—we can hurt each other without blinking, without remorse. i've run into people like that, and willingly associated with them, ultimately at my expense. i wonder if i learned lessons from them along the way—learned how to be a little more of a monster myself. monsters are everywhere, not just behind steering wheels, i mean everywhere, and they can plow into you and leave you there without even tripping on it. unfortunately, we can learn to be like that. it's easy to go around fucking people over and getting away with it. an easy way of life.

so what's the point? i don't know...look both ways, always, and especially when you're fucked up. if the timing had been different, it could have been the shopping cart guy, or me, lying face down in the intersection. we two-wheelers have the advantage of sitting a little higher than auto drivers, and we have panoramic vision (and hearing). we can use it to protect ourselves from the assholes who think it's ok to barrel through solid red lights in the middle of the day, encased in a ton of steel. i hope the guy's ok. the motorcyclist, i mean. he has blond hair and a white full-face helmet. he had a tattoo on the back of one of his calves. if anyone knows him give him my best, and let him know that i can be contacted as a witness if necessary. and let me know if he's ok.

doreen @ western







## The True Confessions of a Bicycle Messenger

by Ratus Roadius

### CHAPTER 1 CONTINUED

...As the rest of the day wore on stange doors began to open in my mind. Ever since that first day I felt something changed in myself. My out-look was slowly being transformed, and events began to take on an added significance. This was due only in part to the fact that all bike messengers come face to face with death on a daily basis. But also because I was unknowingly discovering my true identity, the real me, and that person was a messenger. Before I had been totally unsure of who I was and didn't really know myself at all. It's like I had been playing twenty questions backwards, changing the answer as the game of my life progressed. But at last I realized, I was a messenger. A

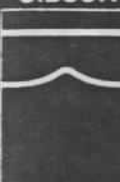
messenger, reknowned throughout history, altering the out-come of events of biblical proportion, tracing the fate of wars and lovers. Shaping our world with each bit of fantastic or terrible news. Noble, courageous, tenacious, and unflappable— all the things I aspired to in my dreams. To never give in to anything no matter what; independent, rarely noticed yet everywhere at once.

I began to feel invincible, doing my thing, free to do my tags as fast as I wanted, then kick back in the park and fire-up with some friends. I was proud to say "I'm a messenger," ...sounds cool, "yep, it is, gotta go..." , then take off the next instant, zipping thru the worst traffic, breaking all their senseless laws, riding all out, hard and fast,

dodging cabs and buses. Covered in sweat and grime, exhaust particles clogging every pore, including lung tissue. I felt justified doing what ever it took to get the job done on time as long as nobody got hurt too badly. It was no longer just a way to make money—it had become my identity, as if predetiremined. How else could I explain this feeling of ease and comfortable well-being as I darted thru the busy streets, stairways and lobbies. And that satisfied feeling of having worked hard and gone and met new people and places, bringing them new things to look at and work with. It seemed to come so naturally to me and sort of flow through me that I began to suspect there was something larger than only this one life, a sum somewhere greater than all these little broken pieces of myself at work here.

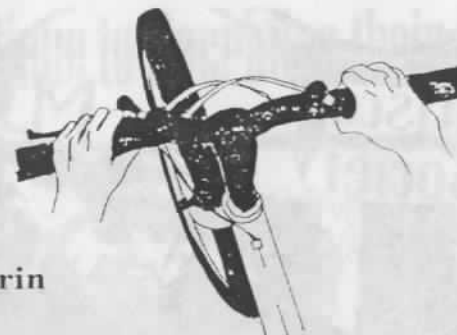


WILLIAM GIBSON



ACTUAL PLAGIARISM

BANTAM



### Man Over Marin

by Steve

The sky was blue and the crisp dry air was biting at his face as he pedaled along Folsom. The stiff side wind was tugging at his wheels, so Ed's attention was divided between chewing on his special power mixture and keeping his bike in the lane.

The weekend before Ed had pounded No-Doz, speed, bee pollen, and ginseng root into a fist-sized lump, which he had then soaked for the rest of the week in a bowl of Jolt Cola and tea bags. This was what he was gnawing on as he rode, choking it down with gulps of sickly sweet espresso squirted from his water bottle.

The weather was perfect. The wind was blowing hard, the sky was clear, and the pavement was dry. "So far everything is going according to plan," Ed was thinking. "I might just be able to pull it off."

He took a left on Sixth Street and started pedalling hard. With the wind at his back he flew through the red lights at Howard and Mission, got a green at Market, and after bunny-hopping both sets of tracks and landing in a hard lean, found himself headed toward Nob Hill on Taylor.

"OK, one last swig of espresso, and time to jettison the water bottle."

The power mixture was kicking in hard. Ed's legs were pumping like pistons. The wind was pushing him, and the sky was beckoning. The hill was approaching and he knew he was ready.

Rather than shifting down, as he usually would have, he bent over a lifted the chain up onto a new chainring he had ordered through the mail. It was way too large for the derailleur; it barely fit on his frame without rubbing the chainstay. Sixty-eight teeth seized the chain and his hammering slowed to a steady spin.

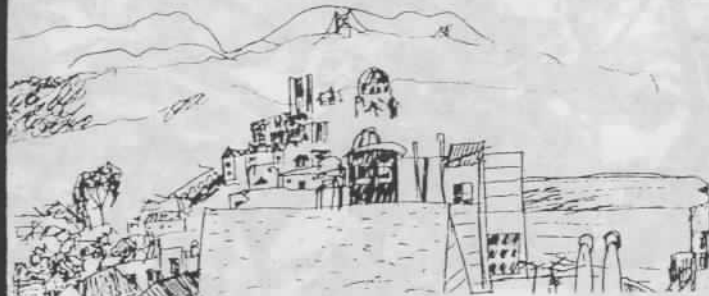
"Shit, not fast enough. I'm almost at the damn hill."

Ed stood up and started pounding. He was on the hill now, but losing speed. He tried visualizing a muni bus right behind him, snorting down his neck. That helped, but it wasn't enough. He focused on the spirit of Evel Knievel. He was no longer on a bicycle. He was a screaming, bellowing, gaining speed up the hill. It was just in time, the crest was up ahead. His lungs were melting and his veins pulsed with lactic acid when he reached the top; he pulled up hard on the handlebars and shot into the air. He was aloft.

Nob Hill receded behind him, shrinking into the city. Ed was soaring out over the bay, riding the wind and still pedaling hard.

"Aaaaaaaah! I did it! I'm flying!"

He looked back over his shoulder for a quick glance at the city, then fixed his eyes straight ahead and kept pedaling—he wanted to get as high and far as possible before he had to start looking for a place to land.



Mercury Rising - 9

Chvette dreamed she was riding Folsom; a stiff sidewind threatening to push her into oncoming. Took a left on Sixth, caught that wind at her back, ran a red at Howard and Mission, a sickle green at Market, bopped the brakes and bunnyed both sets of tracks. Coming down in a hard lean, she headed up Nob on Taylor. "Make it this time," she said.

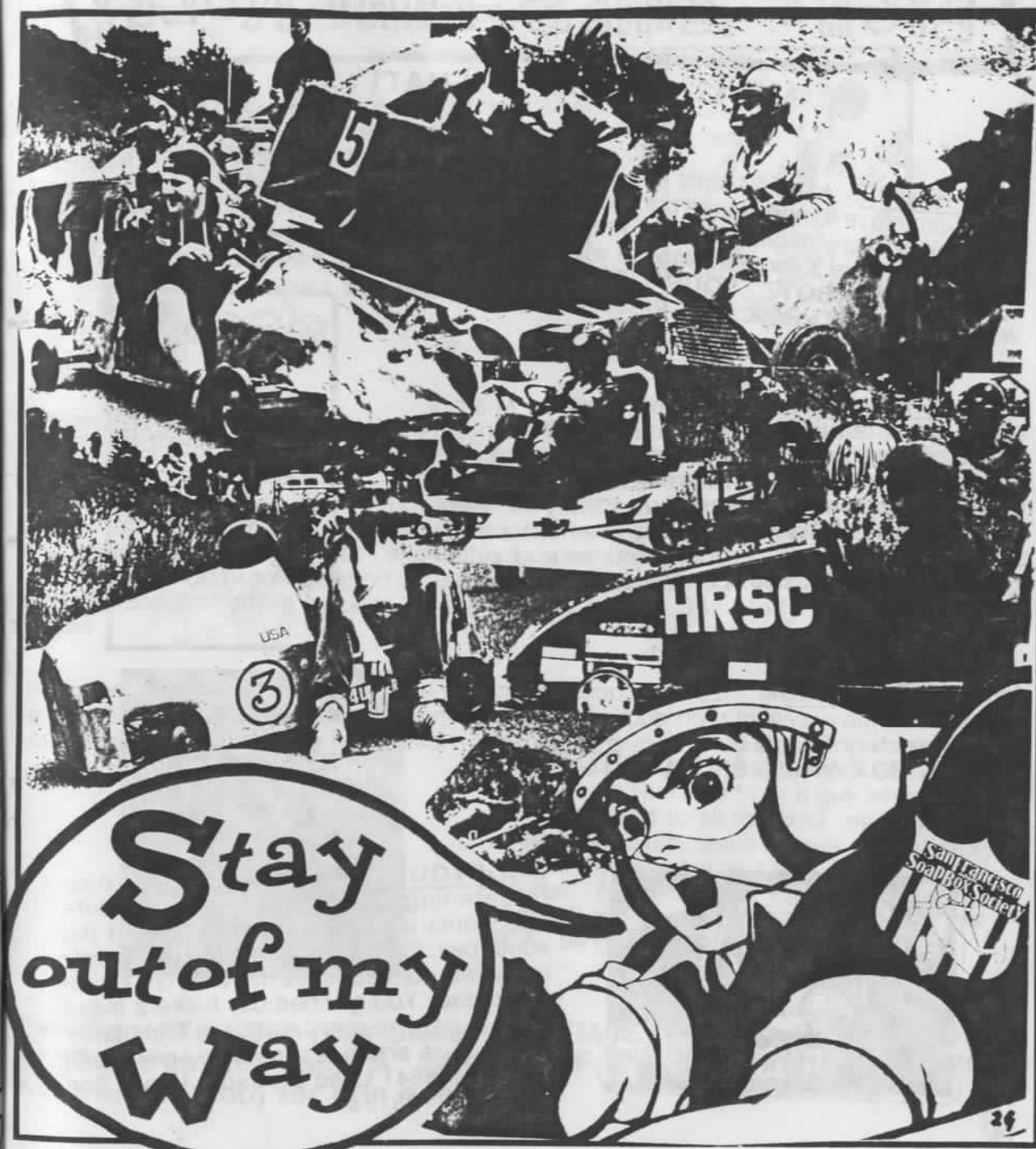
Legs pumping, the wind a strong hand in the small of her back, sky clear and beckoning at the top of the hill, she thumbed her chain up onto some huge-ass custom ring, too big for her derailleur, too big to fit any frame at all, and felt the shining teeth catch, her hammering slowing to a steady spin—but then she was losing it.

She stood up and started pounding, screaming lactic acid slamming through her veins. She was at the crest, lifting off—



28 Will the Tragedy in Satan's SlingShot Kill Soapbox Racing?

Will Hipster HayBails Continue to Sacrifice their Blood for Safety?





# EIGHT 'ZINES THAT RULE!

by AESOP and MATTY

**THE PROBE** - Aaron Muentz is a God amongst men. His 'zine THE PROBE mixes my two all-time fave things, naked people and punk rock. Someone said that THE PROBE is what pornography might look like if men and women actually liked each other. That about sums it up. Issue 3 comes complete with two 7" records featuring **ALL YOU CAN EAT, LURCH, FUCKBOYZ, YOUR MOTHER**, and more. I think it goes for around 6 bucks, well worth it. **PO BOX 5068 Pleasanton, CA. 94566**

**GITHYANKI** - Jew Scott down in Miami puts out this clumsy amalgam of political incorrectness. Fuck all of you, I like this zine. In-depth articles with titles such as, "Are Women Just Stupid Or Are They An Evil Breed?" GITHYANKI might be what you need. Get off your high horse and write to: **PO BOX 660572 Miami Springs, FL 33266**



**JASPER'S ORGASM** - Lots of cocks and cunts, and found literature. Sex and arson along with some excellent reproductions of photos that will make you run off to Tibet and join a monastery. People get shot over shit like this. Not for the faint of heart. Send a buck or so to: **PO BOX 401055 SF, CA 94140**



**BOOBYGUTS** - This is one of those non-threatening zines loaded with cute anecdotes about growing up punk in the south bay. Cool collage layouts and poorly rendered comics make BOOBYGUTS an easy read. You grizzled city fuckers might want to get this and see how it feels to be young, loud, and suburban once again. Send a buck to: **5641 Lilac Blossom Lane San Jose, CA 95124**

**SCAM** - A zine of biblical proportions and could be used as a bible for those of you with an aversion to paying for things. Issue #2 contains two years worth of Iggy's adventures living just outside the law in Miami and on the road. Schlitz, crowbars, train hoppin', hand written and punk as fuck. Order it for \$1.50 ppd from **Blacklist @ 475 Valencia St. SF, CA. 94103**

**NINJA ZINE** - We're not sure if this is what you might call a zine or not. Issue #1 consists of 1 hand scrawled, folded, double-sided photo copy. Totally weird, and so far fucking out there that it's worth your time, and 50 cents to secure a copy and catch a glimpse into a very deranged mind. Dave Ninja: **2501 Harper St. Santa Cruz, CA. 95062**



**SWINGER ACTION** - We lost our copy of this zine, so we're not sure of the actual content, but as far as we can remember S.A. was damn good. Instead of actual info, here is an excerpt from the letter that accompanied our copy, "I threw a big party a couple of days ago when I finished S.A. #3 and a couple of my friends and I had a kiwi, and lima bean, and orange, and bottlecap fight, and the kitchen floor was sticky and slippery from kiwi pulp. I would have liked to have let it sit and rot for a couple of days, but it's my parents house and they get back today so I cleaned up yesterday." Ask for the **S.A. Condensed Bible** it's fucking hilarious. Send a buck to Dave/ swinger action **357 Holly St. Ashland, OR. 97520**

The Satanic Bible  
Anton Szandor LaVey



**UMLAUT** - Brian Lew hangs out with METALLICA and lives to write about it. A very funny little zine from a guy who seems to get invited to all the cool parties. Yes, Metal made fun. Issue #9 has a great story about seeing Anton LaVey shopping at Target. Metal! One of our favorites of all time. Send \$1.50 to: **3084 22nd St. SF, CA. 94110**

Our zine, "You Bet Your Sweet ASS I'M A Turtle" is available for \$1.50 ppd to: **2864 apt "A" 24th St SF, CA. 94110** or get it directly from me (Aesop) for one buck.

# Mountebanks

by Fur

When Ramin and I encountered the Mountebanks in their deep, dark 8th Street dungeon, they were happy to take a break for an interview.

"Anything to keep us from playing another one," intoned Kiwi Tony, the bass player.

"So John," I said to Thaxton, the quintessential bike messenger troubadour, "Uh, How long..." "It's about 8 inches." the other John broke

in. Silvers should know all the vital stats— he's been playing with Thaxton for 8 years, not counting "a trial separation that didn't work out." Silvers' career began with rock legends the Sex Johnsons, the Dils, and (gulp) Chris Isaac. Mark P. Roj and Thaxton have long, seriously checkered musical histories too, to say nothing of street experience. Thaxton's been messaging "constantly" for 14 years.

"Let's do a P. Rojer song," rasps Thaxton enthusiastically. They raunch through the dramatic Persian Gulf epic "A Line in the Sand." "Next we'll do a blues number about Bosnia," says Tony. "Properly display our moral odor," adds Silvers. Next we're treated to the haunting "Free as the Way," which we're told is a "bourgeois country song."

One of the great things about the

Mountebanks is their high mobility, so catch 'em if you can. In addition to club gigs, they cover the party circuit impressively, using minimal gear. These guys have great songs and soul and have made many a party way more memorable. They need no excuse save the joy of rocking, the love of their friends, or even just beer and proj. You'll probably experience the **Mountebanks** when you least expect it.



photo by Xander

## Merc Music CHANGELING Sid MENSCLUB PROJ

Messenger musicians rock! Lance Mitchell's legendary **Changeling** have a kill new CD/tape release, **the crashing wave**. It's wonderfully crunchy metallic nutrition for your mind.

Liam and the **Proj** just finished their new cassette, "Projnostification", which features some mega-ornate Allman Brothers-ish treatments, for the music we're used to hearing from an efficient little 3 piece unit. It's beautiful and as fun as ever.

**MensClub** is ragin' the Pacific Northwest somewhere right now. They've also been recording with Pat Klemm at Mindfield. I heard some rough mixes which left me in shards.

**L. Sid** has some new members and is quite happenin' again I am happy to report. We just put down some tracks at Mindfield too, and we're doing shows again.

Aesop and Matty's thing is now called **Hickey**, and they rock hilariously.

The fresh news in town is **The Joy of Six** featuring Queen Victoria, Belinda Von Valkenberg, Jill Hadley-Scott, Mandy, Christa, and yep...Dee "Boom Boom" Morin. They rocked the house unbelievably hard their first gig.

Of course **B4DJ** are perennial favorites, and **Tribe 8** are almost too famous to mention here, for good reasons.

If you know somethin' good that got left out, send stuff to our mailbox (see p.2). I haven't seen Jean from Battery Point's band yet and can't even remember their name, but I hear they're dope (what'd you expect?). Oh, and **Dieselhead**'s the shit. Nuff said. -Fur

## INSIDE CONTACT

Every issue, we like to salute some of the folks on the other side of the desk that we think are pretty cool.

**Chris Carlsson**, godfather of the **Critical Mass**, avidly commutes to his graphics studio and underground nerve center, **Typesetting Etc.**, which he runs with his partner, ex-messenger **Jim Swanson**. He rides home to his sunny mission flat where he lives with filmmaker **Caitlin Manning** and their daughter **Francesca**.

-Fur

Photo: Francesca Manning



**CRITICAL MASS UPDATE: June 1994**  
**A Good Idea Knows No Boundaries**  
Critical Mass, the monthly "organized coincidence" whereof San Francisco's streets are occupied by hundreds of celebrating bicyclists, is alive and well—and spring offspring! With independent rides springing up all over the place, Critical Mass is beginning to look like a large-scale, decentralized grassroots movement. The map indicates where we've heard of rides going on, mostly under the rubric of Critical Mass, but in the case of Havana, the city has largely converted to bike use because there is no gasoline and few cars. In Barcelona we've heard of a 500+ strong annual ride staged by the "Friends of the Bicycle" (Amics de la Bicicleta) in Plaça de Jaume I, 200+ rides every Tuesday night on the Coliseum along the famous beaches of Copacabana and Ipanema, but not self-consciously as a "Critical Mass." We're looking forward to hearing about more rides as they happen.



# COLOMBIA GETS AROUND



Where there's less resources and consumerism, people find their own creative ways of moving and selling. Streets are given over to the highly-mobile marketplace, and cars tend to get tangled up in it.

As we prepare for the necessary conversion of our economy, we in the North can learn a lot from Colombia.



Jesus, a messenger in Cartagena



Every major Colombian city has bike messengers, but it's a whole different ball game from our scene.



Alvaro Hernandez rides through the barrio all night on this cool stingray blowing a whistle so every body knows he's there. Once a month he comes around to collect his pay. Viajante 435.



"Zonras", carts and wagons that haul anything imaginable, like industrial soapbox racers. Where there are hills, folks drive them in traffic among the death monsters.

Heavy-duty vending bikes are everywhere. This fine unit is a Colombian "Cycloby".

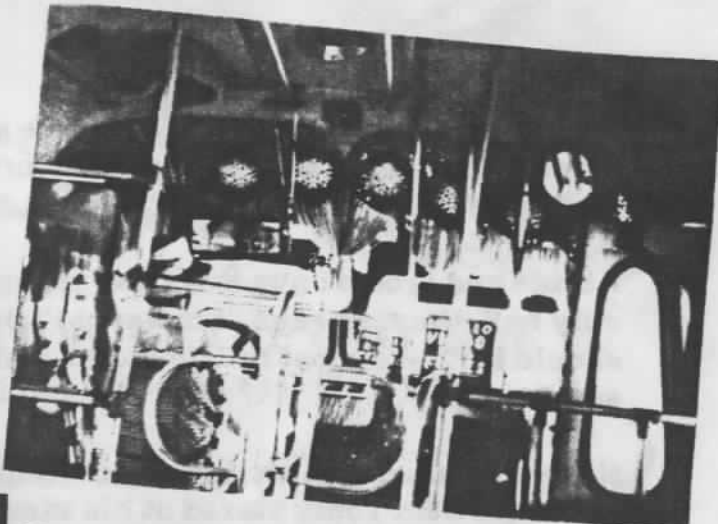


fish vendor

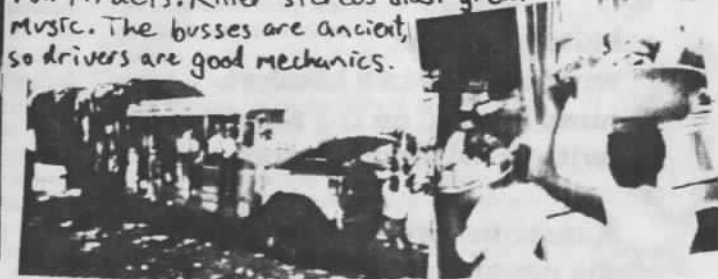
mules Rule!



composter



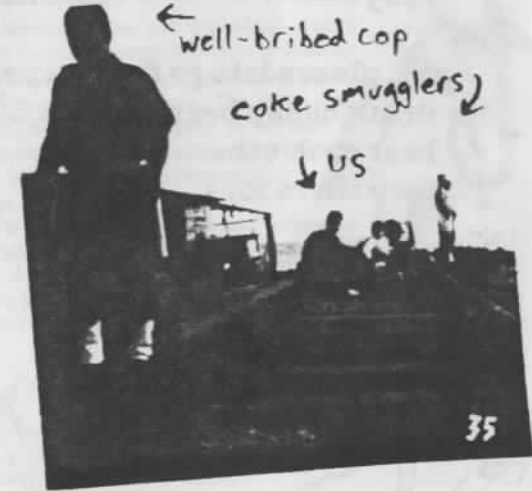
In-town busses are mostly owner-operated and customized with tons of macrame, stickers, artifacts. Killer stereos blast great music. The busses are ancient, so drivers are good mechanics.



The national railroad has been scrapped in the ill-advised rush to car-culture, so these fellas are making good use of the vacant tracks.



Smugglers use radios and pagers just like we do! I'll tell ya the whole story sometime...



well-bribed cop  
coke smugglers

US

it's early morning in north beach. the streets are paved with urine and bleach. i'm feeling real clean and safe. the porn feature is "glowing condoms".

a bride and groom have their picture snapped on the steps of silly hall. the man says, "i'm happy!" the woman says, "you should be!" -i almost fall down the stairs in rapture and dark sunglasses.

there's a naked man wandering old and withered up north point. (i swear i only stared at his sandals).

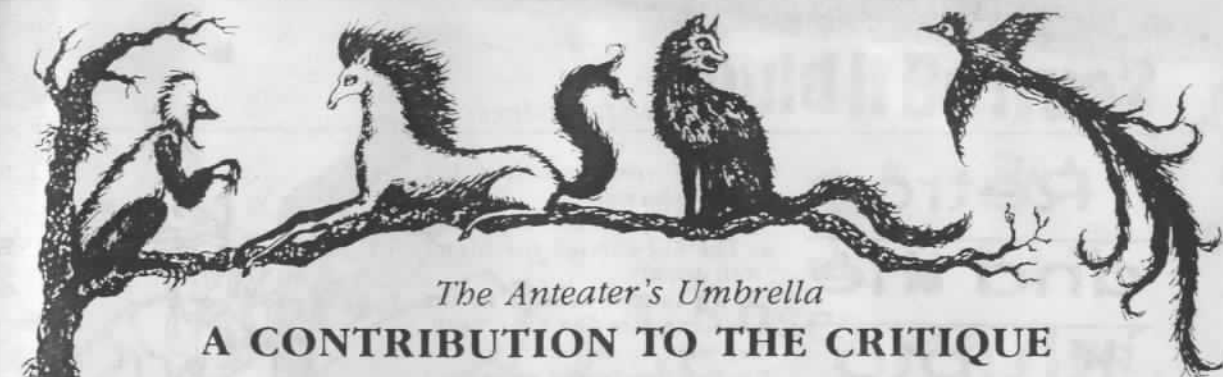
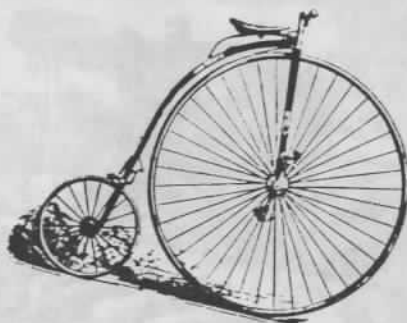
there's an aero messenger beating up cardboard boxes.

i bite my wrist  
wrap myself in a blanket.  
jump around on the street.  
-with or without reason.

sometimes when i leave the phone my wheels track spit across the pavement,  
i search the grounds for the purveyor,  
identify the glossy lips i sneeze and shit i sneeze and shit.  
he says-----go girrrrrrr!-----go bitch!  
i say-----hello handsommmmmmmmmme.

oh, please lets go fuck in yer trailer  
drink cheap beer cause it tastes good.  
beat each other  
up with razors.

love, deb



## The Anteater's Umbrella

# A CONTRIBUTION TO THE CRITIQUE OF THE IDEOLOGY OF ZOOS

It is not without significance that animals in the zoo are *captured* and brought against their wills to this, the penitentiary of the instincts. The contemptible slavery that man too readily tolerates and allows to dominate human existence provokes an immediate revulsion, a profound disdain, a cataclysmic resistance among these animals of grace and savagery. It is only through the technological brutality of science in the service of oppression that the living are forced into a suspended death, in which dreams are deprived of the future they call forth, and sleep itself crumbles against the bars of destruction.

Here, in the zoo, in this place of hypnotic fascination, human beings come to see *their own instincts* caged and sterilized. Everything that is intrinsic to humankind, but smothered by capitalist society, reappears *safely* in the zoo. Aggression, sexuality, motion, desire, play, the very impulses to freedom are trapped and displayed for the alienated enjoyment and manipulation of men, women and children. Here is the harmless spectacle in which everything desired by human beings exists only to the degree that it is separated from the reality of human existence. The cages are merely the extensions of the cages that omnipresently infest the lives of all living beings. Here the animals are placed in the unnatural habitat of a society unnatural to itself.

The incandescent speed of cheetahs, the desperate prowling of leopards, the celestial fever of black swans, the immaculate laughter of seals, the absent-minded tumbling of marmosets, the cabalistic brooding of owls: These veritable emblems of grandeur are imprisoned, severed from the past and the future and turned into empty shells of a previous joy. All that has been natural and a source of pleasure, for animals, has been converted into the performative slavery of a

zoological bastille. Ability has been made the toil of suffering.

The condition of slavery automatically poses the question: *What are the prospects for liberation?* It hardly needs to be stressed that the very notion of the revolutionary transformation of the relationship between humankind and beasts is all but *unthinkable* today. And yet, in the great myths of the American Indians and ancient African cultures, in the writings of certain thinkers of rare genius (Charles Fourier, Alphonse Toussenel, John Ruskin), in the tradition of so-called "accursed" poetry and in a remarkable popular tradition that extends at least from Mother Goose to animated cartoons, from *The Musicians of Bremen* to *The Call of the Wild*, it is possible to perceive at least some faint glimmers of the immense possibilities in this domain. One must heed, too, the invulnerable signals through the flames by the animals themselves: A few years ago, for example, the polar bears at Brookfield Zoo, after heavy rains flooded their lair, swam across the moat, broke into a concession stand and frolicked about as they consumed thousands of marshmallows. . . .

If enslavement begins with humankind, it must end with the simultaneous liberation of humans and animals from the yoke of commodity fetishism and narcissistic effusions. The brutal confinement of animals ultimately serves only to separate men and women from their own potentialities, and to make them victims of their own insidious barbarity.

It is the reality of dreams that necessitates the reintegration of humans and animals in everyday life. In the realization of its deepest desires, humanity will achieve what it has always sought: a universe of the incredible.



The Surrealist Group  
of Chicago

Reissued 1989 (originally issued in 1971)  
Drawing by Gina Litherland





by Lorenzo Levinger

## Retro and the Krypto Kid

The helmet was designed to propel him, air would flow in through the front and be channelled in to two chambers where small jets would boost the energy flow, speeding him along once he had reached around 40 kph.

The Windpro™ helmet was one of the countless gadgets Retro had devised for the Kid, at his waist was slung an old nylon belt which hung low on his hip, due to the multiple pods, sacks, and hooks.

Pulling away from the Central Bank building, the Krypto Kid grabbed a small three-pronged hook and, tossing it at a bumper, which it seemed drawn to, he towed into a slowly passing cab. The cabbie, disgusted by the absence of a fare, increased his speed. A slender cable played out of the Kid's belt and began to pull him in behind. As soon as the Windpro™ helmet reached sufficient revolutions he pressed a button on the belt which caused the cable to retract as he came along-side the cab. With a quick jerk of the cable the hook released and recoiled back into its proper place at his side. In the same instant the Kid glimpsed the red light ahead and veered left at almost a right angle.

Back in the office, which was located behind the kitchen of a Chinese-American lunch place,

The Kid communicated his success to his crew.

"Did you plant it?" asked Bug as The Kid entered the room. "Well didya?"

Retro turned around in his console to face The Kid, "Yeah, they were so desperate for the disk that they booted up before I could get out of the damn office".

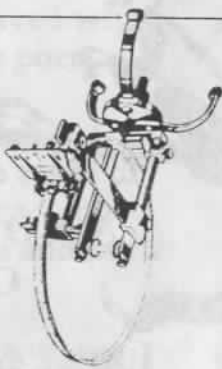
"No security scan?" asked Retro raising an eyebrow.

"They scanned the package at

one's even there."

"Well," said The Krypto Kid as he grabbed a donut out of Bug's hand, "I got tags remember, and this operation is nowhere see, unless I'm getting in and out of these places legit, see?" The Kid stepped through the secret door that led from the office to the seldom used washroom at the back of the lunch place. Out front was the capsule of silvery light that kept his mount secure. As he approached he touched a key on his wrist computer and the silvery egg dissipated. He slung a leg over his unobtainium cycle and gave a few good kick-rounds on the pedals. Then he spotted an accelerating tour bus headed for the piers, he pulled from his belt a small disc which upon release affixed itself to the metallic painted trim beneath the crimson tinted windows. He was pulled along until the wind speed turned over the first mini jet in his helmet, a series of buzzing ignitions ensued and the messenger pulled forward and passed the moving box of meat, his mind focused on his next pick-up destination.

The address was flashing on his wrist-band computer. By touching a button a map came up on screen. He keyed another and a route appeared on the tiny map.



the door, but that condiment package shielded it from their sensors. I made the switch in the elevator after I passed security. As usual, Retro, your plan worked like a charm."

Retro smiled and spun around to face the several screens before him. The screens crackled with fuzz and then the image came up. The ubiquitous symbol of the Central Bank.

"Ah", he exclaimed "We're in!"

"That's the same bug chip you designed for the CIA satellite in the 90's," said Bug, inflecting his statement as if it were a question.

"I built that chip", Retro snarled bitterly, then more coolly he added, "They won't know this

## Could It Be True?

Roses are Red.  
Violets are Blue.  
Shred to Wed!  
what's it to you?

Congratulations!



## SHAFTED

The elevator door slides open  
—a single ragged figure darts inside  
and puches the lobby button.

The smell of blue-collar sweat mingles  
with Old Spice Chanel no5.

It's her, the chick who cut you off  
on Folsom this morning with a  
schoolgirl smile and a well-aimed loogie.  
piercing glare nails you right in your place.

You're just another rat racer.  
She's the gawdalmighty queen of traffic,  
and she wouldn't have it any other way.  
Going down, sucker.



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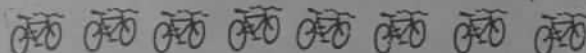


Conveniently Located at Jackson Park (That's Sydney G. Walton Square for all you Rooties!)



### Bicycle Messengers Mark the Death of a Compatriot

About 100 messengers gathered during rush hour last night at the intersection of West 22d Street and Avenue of the Americas to remember Paul Curry, a messenger who was killed by a bus on Wednesday. They marked the site with red paint before proceeding to Central Park.



International protest for the rights of the homeless & their supporters on the opening day of Keith McHenry's trumped-up felony trial. He faces two "Strikes" for supporting the rights of the poor.

**MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1994**

End the arrests and drop the charges on Food Not Bombs. Respect the rights of the homeless. Call for the protest near you.



**FOOD NOT BOMBS**

3145 Geary Blvd., #12, San Francisco, CA 94118 (415) 386-9209

